

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shal be my throne, Well, I will backe him straight, O Eiferance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madheaded ape, a weazell hath not such a deal of spleene, as you are rost with. In faith Ile know your busines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you go

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shal be weary, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this questiō that I shal aske: in faith Ile break thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all thinges true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue; I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world To play withinamwets, and to tilt with lips, We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes, And passe them currant too: gods me my horse! What saist thou Kate; what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Wel, do not then? for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tel me, if you speake in ieast, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am a horseback, I wil swere,

I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go; nor reason where about;

Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,

This euening must I leave you Gentle Kate;

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I wil beleaue,

Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you Kate, VVhither I go, thither shall you go too: To day will I let forth, to morrow you:

VVill this content you Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poinces.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poinces.* VVhere hast bin Hal?

*Prin.* VVith three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very base string of humility. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of V Vales, yet I am the King of curtesie, & tel me flatly I am not proud lack, like Falstafse, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettrall, a good boy: (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of England, I shall cōmand all the good lads in Eastcheape. They cal drinking deepe, dying scarlet, & when you breath in your warring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Ned: to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shillings & six pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anone, anon sir; skore a pint of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to drine away time til Falstafse come: I prethee do th ou stand in some by roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe neuer leaue calling Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, anone; steppe side, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poinces.* Francis.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poinces.* Francis.

*Enter drawer*

*(Rafse.*

*Fran.* Anone an one sir, looke downe into the Pomgranet,

*Prince*

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